And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.

Prin. Come, to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest skilfully.

Lad. 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

Lad. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for mee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy*.

Bra. Warble child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key, giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinatly hither, I must imploy him in a letter to my loue.

Boy. Maister, will you win your loue with a french braule?

Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in French.

Boy. No my complet Maister, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and sing a note sometime through the throate, if you swallowed loue with singing loue sometime through: nose as if you snufft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes *in* your pocket like a man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complementes, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these.

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But o but o.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Brag. Call'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and your loue perhaps, a hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Neeligent student, learne her by hart.

Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.

Boy. And out of hart Maister: all those three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant: by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come by her: in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue with her: and out of hart you loue her, being out of hart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.

Boy. A message well simpathisd, a Horse to be embassadoure for an Asse.

Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse, for he is verie slow gated: but I go.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thats hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.